BRITISH MUSEUM

The Prologue.

Chorus.

Two houſholds both alike in dignity,
(In faire Verona *where we lay our Scene)*
From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,
Where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane:
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,
A paire of ſtarre-croſt louerstake their life:
Whoſe miſaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,
Doth with their death bury their Parents ſtrife.
The feareful paſsage of their death-markt loue,
And the continuance of their Parents rage,
Which but their Childrens end nought could remo
Is now the two houres traficque of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here ſhal miſſe, our toile ſhall ſtriue to m